

Design

We had it vast and busy, so abstracted. Where to move?

To a no-return, the too abrupt, seized, spun-brittle? A sort of sand?

The risk of losing
is everything worthy

of lovers--and we must begin to love
those bartering behind (another form

of suicide). They've wearied telling
us to lighten, till our

old dance admits
their quickened eyes.

They move naturally, then, in order
to betray. What they brightly steal

can never finish well
for us. We become the clowns
of spite to poison what is passing.